

Will Use It to Start World-Wide Petition for Peace.

Christiania.—The Nobel peace prizes were awarded the other day to K. P. Arnoldson of Sweden and M. F. Baier of Denmark. Mr. Arnoldson, who was present at the awarding of the prizes, announced that he would devote the money received to organizing an international demonstration in favor of peace. Every adult man and woman will be invited to sign a petition to a protest against war, expressing also



K. P. Arnoldson.

the desire that all disputes between nations be submitted to arbitration.

In receiving the prize Mr. Arnoldson made a speech submitting a plan to keep the world at peace. He said: "Let every nation be asked to sign a peace address. Let all men and women of the whole world be invited to sign a demand for the abolition of armaments and the introduction of a common system of defense throughout the world. It is to be hoped this will give the next Hague conference the moral support which will enable the various governments to make a practical start towards general disarmament."

Mr. Arnoldson is the author of "The Friend of Peace" and other works against war. He has been editor of Stockholm Morgonblad and of other Swedish newspapers and periodicals since he entered newspaper work in 1870. From 1882 to 1887 he was the leader of the second chamber of the Swedish parliament. Mr. Baier is a former member of the Danish parliament.

## MAY HEAD HARVARD UNIVERSITY

James J. Storrow Likely to Succeed President C. W. Eliot.

Boston.—James J. Storrow, who, it is generally believed, will be the president of Harvard university, is believed to be the best qualified of men named for the position. He was born in Boston January 21, 1864, and he was graduated from Harvard in 1885, and from Harvard law school in 1888. After ten years of law practice Mr. Storrow entered the banking firm of Lee, Higginson & Co., which partnership he



JAMES J. STORROW

has since maintained. While in college he was noted as an athlete, having been a member of the varsity crew that defeated Yale in 1883, and in 1885 he was captain of the crew that again humbled the Elis. In 1897 Mr. Storrow was elected as overseer of Harvard, receiving the largest vote given a candidate for that office. He also is a trustee of the Harvard union. For several years he has been a member of the Boston school committee, and now holds the position of chairman of the board.

## A Frenchwoman's Unexpected Reply.

A very demure little Frenchwoman, who teaches her native tongue in a well-known southern college, learned recently, under embarrassing circumstances, that it is not always safe to accept as a final standard of correct English what one may casually hear. One night at supper, the president of the college announced to the assembled young ladies and teachers that an informal musical program would be given presently in the college chapel.

Turning to the dainty Parisian, who, in addition to her other accomplishments, plays the piano well, he said:

"Perhaps Mme. Petit will be so good as to assist us."

The lady addressed arose, and coyly replied:

"I will do my dearest, professor."

—John E. Rosser, in Lippincott's.

## Spread Telephone in Africa.

The French have nearly completed a telephone system which covers their great possessions in Africa.

## That Puzzle

It Made Trouble in the Farnsworth Family.

When Daniel Farnsworth reached home recently he found his wife and little Albert busy over one of the many cut-out puzzles that the child had received for Christmas. The cut-out puzzle, as every one knows, consists of about 11,000 pieces of wood or heavy cardboard, that, when properly put together, form a square on which there is an attractive picture.

"What are you doing?" asked Mr. Farnsworth, seeing his wife and son earnestly bending over the component parts of the puzzle.

"Don't bother us, dear," replied Mrs. Farnsworth. "We're getting it. We have found six blocks that fit together."

"I should think," the gentleman said, with some severity, "that you were old enough to leave such things for children. O, I don't mean to insinuate that you are getting ancient or anything like that—but you're not a mere child any more. You'll admit that, I think. Haven't you any better way to put in your time? How about dinner? Is it anywhere near ready? I've got to work on a report I shall have to make to our directors to-morrow, and I want to have dinner early this evening."

"O, well, if you are going to be a bear, I suppose I shall have to run. Be careful, Albert, not to scatter the pieces we have fitted together."

While Mrs. Farnsworth was downstairs helping the maid to hurry the dinner, her husband watched little Albert, as the boy hunted for the elusive sections of the puzzle.

"Here," he said, leaning over and picking out a small block that was without shape, "this fits in here, doesn't it?"

He tried to put the piece into the place that he had indicated, but it would not go. Then he sat down beside little Albert and began to help him. Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Farnsworth called from the dining room:

"Come to dinner. Everything's on the table!"

"In a minute," her husband replied. "Say, Albert, here's a piece under your thumb that belongs in this corner."

Albert tried to fit the piece into the corner his father pointed out, but it could not be done. Five minutes later Mrs. Farnsworth called:

"Are you coming to dinner? Things are getting cold."

"Yes, in a minute," replied the head of the house. "Hurrah! here's one that fits."

It really did, and Daniel Farnsworth got up with a look of triumph, saying:

"There's nothing very puzzling about this. Come on, Albert, let's go to dinner."

He disposed of the meal in short order, and without waiting to partake of dessert left the table. It was nearly eight o'clock when Mrs. Farnsworth, looking over his shoulder, said:

"Papa, it's time for Albert to be going to bed now, and I thought you had to prepare a report for your directors."

"Yes, yes," he replied, "I must really get to work at it. Confound this puzzle. What was it ever brought into the house for, anyhow? Albert, go to bed. Don't let me hear a whine out of you, either. You can work at puzzles during the daytime."

Albert reluctantly permitted his mother to conduct him to his room, and there, when his shoes had been taken off, he discovered that his stockings needed immediate mending. Forgetting her other troubles, she hunted up the darning implements and went to work. It was nearly ten o'clock when she put the stockings aside, and little Albert was sleeping peacefully.

"Daniel," she called, stepping out into the hall, "are you still working?"

"Uh, uh," he answered.

"Well, don't stay up too late. I am going to bed. I'm tired, and you're no company when you have to prepare reports, anyway."

"All right," Mr. Farnsworth answered.

It was 12:15 when Mrs. Farnsworth awoke from a dream in which she had seemed to see a great castle which had been built of cards suddenly tumble to the ground. As she sat up in bed there was a sound as of many small, hard particles being dashed against a wall, and then she heard her husband muttering in a way that frightened her.

"What is it, dear?" she cried, jumping out of bed and running to him.

She found him standing beside the table on which the puzzle blocks had been heaped, but they had all been swept off upon the floor.

"What are you doing here?" the lady asked. "I supposed you were in the library working on your report."

Mr. Farnsworth looked severely at his wife and pressed his lips firmly together, perhaps to keep from saying things which he might regret. When he could control himself he said:

"Don't you worry about my report. You don't have to prepare it, do you? Well, then, don't let it make you nervous. It's mighty strange that I can't sit up and work even in my own house without having to be cross-questioned. Go back to bed and don't bother me. If I have to stay up all night, I'm the one that has to stand it, am I not? You don't need to suffer, do you? And if anybody ever dares to bring another of these fool puzzles into this house, I'll—Oh, yes, bed, and let me alone. Confound it, I told you I had a report to prepare for our directors, didn't I?"

(With apologies to the shade of Lord Tennyson.)

Half a step, half a step,  
Half a step onward!  
Over there the bargains lie  
On the counters piled so high,  
Luring the unnumbered,  
Forward the fair brigade!  
"Charge through the aisles!" they cried,  
(Three know what they want to buy—  
Anxious unnumbered!)

Bargains to right of them;  
Bargains to left of them;  
Bargains in front of them,  
There to be plundered,  
Storm they with right good-will;  
Boldly they push and well;  
Into the jaws of death,  
Where the best bargains sell,  
Push the unnumbered!

When will their courage fade?  
Oh, the wild charge they made!  
All the men wondered,  
Till "honored" all the charges made,  
As oft before they'd paid  
For their wives' plunder.  
Forward the fair brigade!  
Happy unnumbered!

—Myrtle Conger, in Judge.

## ROME AND ROM.



"Do all roads lead to Rome, Weary?"

"Well, I never see one that led me to do anything else."—New York Herald.

## Comparisons Are Odious.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—This paper says that about twice as much power is required to stop an express train as to start one.

Mr. Crimmonbeak—Very likely, but that does not give us any adequate idea of the additional power needed to stop a woman talking as compared with what is required to start her.—Yonkers Statesman.

## Speaking of the "Yellows."

Church—I see some of the Chinese newspapers are printed in a roll, so that when a portion has been read it may be torn off and thrown away.

Gotham—It might be well to adopt the printing of newspapers in that form in this country and in that case certain parts could be torn off and thrown away before read.—Yonkers Statesman.

## Important.

The man was suing a southern railroad for damages, owing to a delay which made him miss an appointment, and the ordinary preliminary questions were being put to him.

"Age, please?" asked the judge.

"Well, your honor," said the plaintiff, "do you want my age when I got on the train or when I got off?"—Yonkers Statesman.

## Wife Cooked.

Bacon—Do you have any trouble with your cook?

Egbert—I certainly do.

"Does she talk back to you?"

"Indeed, yes."

"I shouldn't think you'd allow it."

"You couldn't help it if you were married to her, as I am!"—Yonkers Statesman.

## No Further Proof Needed.

Ranter—I thought this paper was friendly to me?

Editor—So it is. What's the matter now?

Ranter—I made a speech at that banquet last night, and you didn't print a line of it.

Editor—Well? What further proof did you want of our friendship?

## Sad.

Hippi—They tell me Tortoise has passed away. What was the trouble?

Bon—He died of chagrin. After holding the speed booby prizes for years with unquestioned supremacy, some envious rival inveigled him into a match race with a government contract.—Puck.

The Ways of Modern Literature.

Nice Old Lady—Will you kindly tell me if the person who writes the mothers' page every week in your paper is in? I want to tell her how much I have enjoyed reading her articles on "The Evening Hour in the Nursery."

Office Boy—That's 'im over there with a pink shirt, smokin' a pipe.

## Of One Purpose.

The stranger advanced towards the door. Mrs. O'Toole stood in the doorway with a rough stick in her left hand and a frown on her brow.

"Good-morning," said the stranger politely. "I'm looking for Mr. O'Toole."

"So'm I," said Mrs. O'Toole, shifting her club over to the other hand.

## No Danger.

Excited Woman—Are you going to run away with me?

Reckless Driver (slightly intoxicated)—Sorry, mum; but—but I can't oblige you. I'm married already.

## He Had to Watch It.

"What does it cost you, Ferdinand—that handsome umbrella of yours?"

"Eternal vigilance, my boy."

## THE SORROW THAT MENACED DIAMONDVILLE

The council of the little town of Diamondville was in session.

Diamondville was peculiar in one respect—it was composed exclusively either of millionaires or of those who were independently well off.

Suddenly there was a sensation. The door opened and a man came in. His name was Jeplet, and he was the only poor man in town.

There was an awkward pause. The mayor twitched nervously in his seat. The town clerk—who owned three railroads—looked anxiously toward the newcomer. Everybody was uneasy.

"Well, Mr. Jeplet," said the mayor, "what can we do for you? I hope that you had a pleasant Christmas. I understand that your children fared pretty well?"

Jeplet himself was plainly uneasy.

"Yes," he said, "thank you. All went well. Nevertheless, I am determined to leave you."

Every face in the room blanched. Magnate Smith, one of the leading men of the place, and noted throughout the nation for his philanthropy, sprang to his feet.

"Can it be possible, Jeplet," he exclaimed, "that you are going to treat us with such ingratitude?"

"Sorry, sir, but—"

Magnate Smith fixed him with his eye.

"Let us understand each other, Jeplet," he said. "As you know, you are the only poor family in our pleasant and attractive little borough. For years you have gone on having children with absolutely no means of supporting them. You have been dependent upon the charity of others, and you have been practically the only means by which we could display our own charitable tendencies."

"Our ladies have come to rely upon you, Jeplet, to vent their higher impulses. When things were dull in the Woman's club, and the Old Masters had been disposed (temporarily, of the suffrage question) lulled to sleep, they have filled in the time by making a personal visit to Mrs. Jeplet and getting up subscriptions of old clothes for your children. What would we have done without you at Christmas, Jeplet? Why, for some years now, as I gathered my boy around me, I have been enabled to say to him:

"Just think, Robert, of the poor little Jeplet children who shiver in their miserable hovel, while you are surrounded with luxury." But how can I say that now, Jeplet, if you are going away? You mustn't leave us in the lurch like this."

He sat down amid subdued applause. The mayor spoke.

"Citizens," he said, "we are indeed confronted by a crisis in our affairs. How can we go on enjoying ourselves without some poor family to cater to? And who can take the place of the Jeplets? They were so absolutely worthless and offered so many outlets for our activities that their loss will be irreparable. Why, as I look at Jeplet now my heart swells to think that he is wearing my clothes. Jeplet, you mustn't go! We cannot do without you!"

Jeplet shifted uneasily.

"I'm awful sorry, your honor," he said, "but I don't see no way out of it."

"Is there anything that you need?" asked the mayor, "anything that any of us may have forgotten? Haven't all of our children visited you regularly? Just mention anything that you may want and I am sure—"

A confused murmur of abject willingness on the part of every one was now heard.

Jeplet, under this pressure, was plainly uncomfortable. He looked around, and as he saw the anxious faces tears filled his eyes.

"Well," he said at last, "I suppose if you feel that way I shall have to stay, but would you mind letting me off for the summer?"

"Certainly not," said the mayor. "May we inquire where you are going?"

Jeplet smiled faintly.

"You see," he answered, "you have been so good to me all these years that I am pretty well off myself, and I thought if you didn't mind I'd like to get a little vacation and take my family to Europe."

Relics Lost to Germany.

"The art-loving public of Germany sustained a heavy blow," says the Morgen Post, Berlin, "when the wonderful Marfels collection of watches, including unique specimens of the seventeenth century and enamels of beautiful design, acquired after many years add at a great cost, was purchased by an art dealer in Paris. The collection contains many specimens which cannot be found in any German museum, and it is to be hoped that the fate of these valuable trinkets will not be like that of which of late has overtaken so many art treasures, that they be sent to the new world and become lost forever to Europe."

Men and Dress.

There is no doubt that a natural taste for "frillies" is inherent in both man and woman. The best of men succumb to it, and all but the most pious of women. After all, it was man who first discovered the possibilities of dress. It was he who started the fashion of gay and gorgeous raiment, and he only gave it up when he found he could no longer compete with woman, once she had taken to imitating him.



## FATHER BUTCHERS FAMILY AND STOCK

AFTER CRIME IS COMMITTED HE SETS FIRE TO BUILDING AND CUTS HIS THROAT.

## THE CHILDREN ARE CREMATED

Neighbors Attracted to the Scene Pulled the Crazed Man From the Burning Building But He Died Within a Few Moments.

Mondovi, Wis., Feb. 23.—While in a temporary fit of insanity early Monday, Henry H. Hanson, a farmer aged 38 years, living near the village of Strum, in Trempealeau county, killed his four children in their home and later set fire to the house. The mad parent is supposed to have used either a butcher knife or crushed the children's skulls with a hammer, as a hammer was found in the ashes near their bones. Hanson, after killing his children and a number of live stock, ended his own existence by cutting his throat. The dead are: Hugh, aged 14 years; Mabel, 12 years; Sadie, 10 years; Hannah, 7 years.

One Girl Survives.

The eldest girl, Ella, aged 18, alone escaped death at the hands of her crazed parent. Ella is employed in the village of Strum and was away from home at the time of the tragedy.

After killing his children, Hanson repaired to the barn where he stabbed several horses, cows, calves and pigs and even killed the house cat. He then poured kerosene in the hog trough. Having completed his acts of butchery, Hanson sought to destroy all traces of the tragedy by pouring kerosene on the house and barn and setting fire to the buildings. He then entered the house where his children lay victims of his dastardly deed and drew a sharp knife across his own throat.

Drags Men From Building.

The conflagration brought neighbors to the scene. Upon their arrival Hanson was found hanging in a window from which he had fallen after cutting his throat. He was pulled out in a few minutes. The fire had advanced too far to permit of getting out the bodies of the children and they were cremated.

When Hanson attended church Sunday with his four children nothing unusual was noticed in his actions. He was an inmate of an asylum about 22 years ago. Hanson was a widower.

Want to Shield Women.

Columbus, S. C., Feb. 20.—A bill has passed the general assembly of this state making it a misdemeanor for any newspaper or magazine to publish the name of any maid or woman upon an attempt to ravish or assault has been committed.

Driscoll Defeats Attill.

New York, Feb. 20.—Jem Driscoll, the English featherweight champion and Anne Attill, of San Francisco, holder of the world's championship in that class met in a ten round bout Friday night, and Driscoll had a wide margin of victory.

Three Killed in Cave-In.

Los Angeles, Feb. 20.—While working the Cross shaft of the famous Edison mine near this city, three men were killed and one was injured by a cave-in. The men were getting ready to eat lunch when the earth fell on them.

Belmont Buys Race Track.

Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 20.—The Kenilworth race track was sold Friday at auction in foreclosure proceedings to Belmont for \$80,450.

## SEVERE BLIZZARDS IN WEST

Fears are Entertained That Loss to Live Stock Will be Heavy in Wyoming.

Cheyenne, Wyo., Feb. 23.—A general blizzard is raging Monday night over Wyoming and western Nebraska. The snow is from 10 to 12 inches deep and is drifting badly. It is feared that the storm will cause heavy loss to the stock on the range. Trains have been delayed but the snow plows are in operation and traffic is still open.

## Heavy Snow in Colorado.

Colorado Springs, Colo., Feb. 23.—One of the worst storms of the winter is raging in Colorado Springs and the Pikes Peak region. Snow has been falling since Sunday night.

## BOY KILLED; LYNCHING FEARED

Negro Hurls Rock at Boys but Misses Them and Crushes Skull of a Spectator.

Pensacola, Feb. 23.—Ernest Mertins, 15 years old, was struck on the temple with a rock and instantly killed Monday afternoon by Eastman Spears, colored. Some white and negro boys were fighting and the negro Spears hurled at the white boys, missing them and striking young Mertins, who was awaiting the role of a parade.

Officers captured Spears and took him to the jail. The police dispersed a small mob. After darkness fell, however, crowds began gathering again and it was feared an attempt to get Spears might be made.

## MISSING DEATH MASK FOUND

After Having Been Missing for Forty Years It is Presented to New Orleans.

New Orleans, Feb. 23.—After having been missing from the city for forty years, the famous death mask of Napoleon which recently came to light in the possession of Captain W. G. Raul of Atlanta has been returned to New Orleans. Capt. Raul presented it as a gift to the city.

The mask reached here Monday and was placed on exhibition in the mayor's parlors where it will remain until it is turned over to the Louisiana Historical society.

## Horse Show a Private Enterprise.

New York, Feb. 19.—Official announcement was made here Thursday by Cornelius Fellew, president of the National Horse Show association that Alfred G. Vanderbilt had acquired control of the association and would hereafter handle its affairs as a purely private investment.

## Pleaded Guilty to Bribery Charge.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 23.—A. A. Vilsack, former cashier of the German National Bank, pleaded "no defense" to a charge of bribery in connection with the \$17,500 said to have been given to a counsellor in payment for an ordinance to make that bank a city depository.

## Priest Secretly Married.

Denver, Colo., Feb. 23.—Disregarding his vow of celibacy Rev. Father J. A. Ryan, until recently connected with St. Leo's Catholic church in this city was married to Miss Sadie Moran, of Ogden, Utah, on January 30. The wedding took place at Colorado Springs.

## Blackmailer Taken to Pen.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 23.—Robert B. Bledsoe, who demanded \$7,000 from L. M. Jones, a millionaire dry goods merchant, threatening the lives of the Jones family, was taken to state penitentiary to begin his thirty years sentence Monday.

## Pacific Fleet at Callao.

Panama, Feb. 23.—The United States Pacific squadron, under Rear Admiral Swinburne arrived here Monday from Callao. The squadron will remain here until March 7, when it will sail for Magdalena Bay.